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THOU OR I?

Some day, dear, one of us—we twain—
Will watch alone in tears
And call the other one in vain
In voice of hopeless fears,
As in death's silence one of us shall lie;
Which will it be, dear, thou or I?

Were one of us by death bereft
So of love's thought and speech,
What other word of hope is left
To utter each to each?
So one shall watch and one in death shall lie!
Which will it be, dear, thou or I?

Beside life's pathway as we go
One will grow faint and fall,
And seek another way to know
Where death shall not prevail;
And one will wait alone as days go by,
For yet a longer space,
God's pitying grace:
Which will it be, dear, thou or I?

I may be first to understand
The life so far from thine:
Mine may be woe to fold thy hand—
Grown still and cold in mine—
As sign of death across thy breast to lie.
God chastens others so.
Thank Him, we do not know
Which it will be, dear, thou or I!

—*Harriet Maxwell Converse, in Home Journal.*

HOW NATURE CONJURES.

Prof. Proctor Disproves the Adage that "Seeing Is Believing."

Queer Optical Deceptions and Explanations of Some of Them—The Refracting Power of the Air—Mistakes in Color and Shape.

[The subjoined article is one of the last written by Prof. Richard A. Proctor for the Philadelphia *Press* previous to his recent death by yellow fever at a New York hospital.]

"Seeing is believing," says the old proverb, but "seeing is deceiving" would be nearer the mark. We are deceived by false impressions even when we know the real state of the case, so that nature may in some sense be compared with a conjurer who explains the trick he is about to play, yet deceives the eye as perfectly as though we knew nothing about the manner of his performance. We know that the handkerchief which we gave him to experiment upon has not been cut in half, yet we saw him cut it in half; we know he has not pounded our gold watch in a mortar, yet that is what we saw him do.

Here is nature about to perform her daily conjuring trick of making the sun, as he sets, look larger than he really is. I say nothing of his looking out of shape, because nature uses apparatus to produce that illusion, and the eye really does see correctly. But she makes the sun look swollen and huge without apparatus, though again and again we find her clever performance explained in that way. The kindly instructive persons who wrote "Sandfords and Mertons" for the confusion of intelligent childhood, carefully explain that it is the refracting power of the air which enlarges the setting sun, even as the refracting power of water in a glass bottle enlarges letters seen through it. But the refracting power of the air has nothing to do with the apparent enlargement of the sun. It does affect the sun's apparent size, but the other way, making him look smaller not larger—in just such degree as it apparently compresses him from a globe to an egg. Nature simply takes us in when she makes us believe that the setting sun looks larger than the sun in the midheavens. Nature deceives us by making us think the sun in the midheaven looks smaller than when near the horizon. Perhaps the reader thinks the statements identical. But they are not. We are nearer the truth when we judge the sun's size as he nears the horizon than when we estimate it from his appearance high above that circle. The reason is obvious. When the sun is low we can see by the aspect of the landscape that he is much farther away than yonder house or hill or tree than when he is actually on the horizon. We see that he is behind those objects, and thus we can not imagine him to be merely a foot or yard in diameter, between which lengths lie all the estimates of the sun's diameter, which the mind unconsciously forms when he is high in the sky. So he seems to be much larger when low.

But just here the thoughtful reader will perhaps urge that the eye ought still to be able to judge whether the image of the sun in the visual field is really no larger when he is low. The eye, however, knows nothing about its visual field. The mind judges of what the eye sees in quite other ways. Here is a simple experiment to show this:

In good black ink draw a capital letter—preferably a round O in strong black type on white card. Now, sitting facing a wall of uniform tint, hold or fix the card steadily in an upright position at about arm's length and contemplate that black O as steadily as possible, "while one with moderate haste may count a hundred." Now let the card drop and look at the wall with as little interruption in the time and as little change in the diameter of vision as possible. There is seen as usual the complementary image of the letter, but it has grown much larger. If, for instance, the O is an inch in diameter and the wall is twelve times as far away as the card had been, the letter seen will be apparently a foot in diameter. The mind is not able to persuade itself that the latter has not grown suddenly larger. Yet in reality the image in the visual field is precisely the same now as it had been before. The mind is simply deceived by the effect of distance—the same object seen of the same apparent size, but supposed to be at a greater distance, is judged to be larger.

So it is with the setting sun. The eye sees that the sun is far off, and so judges him to be large, though the area of his image in the visual field is no larger (indeed measurably smaller) than when he is high above the horizon.

How is it, then, the reader may here ask, that the apparent enlargement of the setting sun and moon varies with the condition of the air? The setting or rising moon, in particular, looks much larger when the air is thick. Does this not prove that the refractive action of the air is in question? The effects of the refractive action of the air being perfectly well known no phenomena whatsoever can prove that that action does what it is not capable of doing. The explanation of the effects of thick air is very simple. The suggestion of increased distance, already strong when the sun at noon is low, is strengthened if the air is thick. For the sun and moon then look fainter, and the mind recognizes in a fainter aspect an apparent effect of distance. Here nature uses apparatus and makes her conjuring so much the more effective.

We have in what is called "looming" an illusion depending on the effects of thickened air. A sailor will tell you that a ship really looks larger when she looms through fog than when the air is clear. But if her distance is known and her apparent size measured with a sextant or other suitable instrument, it will be found that she looks no larger than she should look, whether the air be clear or thick. The mind is simply deceived into thinking the ship is farther away than she really is, and so judges that she looks larger.

The illusion of a deeply arched instead of a nearly flat sky is occasionally broken. Probably but a small proportion of those who read these lines have ever noticed the sky surface looking flat. I have observed the appearance myself three or four times during my life, but then I have been always on the lookout for it, this particular illusion having long had great interest for me. The occasions when the flatness of the under surface of the cloud sky can be recognized are those when the clouds lie (actually) in long parallel beds of tolerably uniform breadth and separated from each other by tolerably equal distances and lying in the same general level—the sun being near the horizon, so as to illuminate the cloud-bands underneath. At such times, as also when instead of uniform bands a kind of net-work of clouds covers the sky towards the place of the horizon sun, an effect of foreshortening is produced which brings out the horizontality of the cloud surface—that is, not of the surface of individual clouds, but of the general layer.

I remember one occasion when I was traveling across the Western prairies, towards the time of sunset, that as the sun in his descending motion passed from above to below a layer of clouds uniformly reticulated, the golden tinge along an edge of each of the cloud streaks so distinctly indicated the relative positions of the different parts of the network of clouds, that the true flatness of the surface was as strongly forced on me as usually the incorrect arched form is impressed on the mind. For the first and only time in my life I was not only able (as on three or four other occasions) but actually forced to feel what an immense globe this earth-world of ours is. For there was the widely-spanning surface of cloud looking perfectly flat though really part of the inner surface of an immense spherical shell.

There is a converse allusion familiar only to balloonists, which is to be explained in the same way. Rising high above the earth's surface in a balloon, we see the surface of the earth beneath arched into the form of an immense bowl or basin. The mind refuses to admit the thought that the exceedingly minute depression of the visible horizon corresponds to the seemingly immense depth immediately below the aeronaut. Or one may say (though in reality it is saying the same thing) that the mind can not admit the thought of the immensity of the distance of the horizon. From a height of half a mile the horizon is some forty miles away, or eighty times further than the earth's surface below, but the mind sets the horizon only three or four miles away (at least if the air is clear), and consequently the surface, which (regarded as a whole) is really slightly convex below the observer, appears to be markedly concave.

Among illusions affecting color some of the most important and interesting are those which painters have to take into account in producing with opaque tints, the effects of sunlight or moonlight, the gleam of metals and kindred illusions. A painter who should strive to represent a sun-illumined lily by simply using the strongest white tints at his command would fail utterly. By using dark tints he obtains the effect of brightness, where by using bright tints he only obtains a dirty-looking white. So with metallic effects, which are often admirably caught in paintings.

It is related of the French painter Delaroche that he had tried again and again to produce a fair imitation of gleaming gold in one of his historical paintings. Giving up the attempt in despair, he sent for a fiacre to take him to the gallery of Luxembourg, where were some paintings in which the desired effect had been obtained, that he might learn the secret. But lo! as he came down the doorsteps the yellow wheels of the fiacre glowed in the sunlight with the very effect he wanted; they looked like wheels of gold for the nonce, though colored only with the coarse yellow used by coach painters. Whence the illusion? Delaroche caught the idea in a moment, dismissed the fiacre and returned to his studio to work out successfully the effect which for days he had been vainly striving to attain. The yellow of the fiacre wheels was picked out with a bright purple, by contrast with which the bright but coarse yellow seemed to shine with a golden gleam. This was the whole secret which Delaroche would have learned from the paintings of the old masters.

False effects in regard to contour are also common and strangely enough deceive the observant more readily than the unobservant. Look at a medal under ordinary conditions and the eye at once recognizes the elevations and depressions for what they are; but look at the same medal through a lens which reverses its different parts, and because the shadows really thrown from whatever source of light illuminates the medal seem thrown towards that light, immediately the elevations appear as depressions and the depressions as elevations. This is the case at least with the observant; but the unobservant who have never, consciously or unconsciously, noted the relation between the position of the light and the direction of the shadows, are not deceived. Knowing what the medal is, they see it as it is.

LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

Suggestions by Prof. Gleason, the Distinguished Horse-Tamer.

The saddlery for the use of ladies is similar to that devoted to gentlemen's riding, except that it is more ornamental and the saddle is furnished with crutches for side-riding. The saddle should be carefully fitted to the horse, and there should always be a third crutch. The stirrup may be either like a man's with a lining of leather or velvet, or it may be a slipper, which is safer, and also easier to the foot. The lady's whip is a light affair, but, as her horse ought seldom to require punishment, it is carried more to threaten than to give punishment. A spur may be added for a lady's use; it is sometimes needful for the purpose of giving a stimulus at the right moment. If used, it is buckled on to the boot, and a small opening made in the habit, with a string attached to the inside, which is then tied around the ankle, and thus keeps the spur always projecting beyond the folds of the habit. A nose martingale is generally added for ornament, but no horse which throws its head up is fit for a lady's use.

In mounting the horse is held steadily, taking care to keep him well where the lady stands. The gentleman assistant then places his right hand on his right knee and receives the lady's left foot. Previously to this she has taken the reins in her right hand, then with her left on the gentleman's shoulder she makes a spring from the ground and is easily lifted into the saddle. As she rises she still keeps hold of the crutch, which throws the body sideways into the saddle. The right knee hooked over the crutch keeps the body from slipping backwards, while the left keeps it from a forward motion, and thus the proper position is maintained. In all cases the right foot should be kept back and the point of the toe should be scarcely visible. In spite of her side seat the body should be square to the front, with the elbow easily bent and preserved in its proper position by the same precaution.

The whip is generally held in the right hand, with the lash pointing forward, and toward the left, and by this position it may be used on any part of the horse's body by reaching over to the left and cutting before or behind the saddle, or with great ease on the right side. In dismounting, the horse is brought to a dead stop and his head held by an assistant; the lady then turns her knee back again from the position between the outside crutch, takes her foot out of the stirrup, and sits completely sideways; she then puts her left hand on the gentleman's shoulder, who places his right arm around her waist and lightly assists her to the ground.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

In Need of Exercise.

Wife (ominously)—It must have been very late when you came in last night, John, for I didn't go to sleep until after eleven o'clock.

Husband (fearlessly)—It was half past eleven, my dear.

Wife—And you kept muttering in your sleep: "Set 'em up again," "set 'em up again."

Husband—Yes, I was playing tenpins with Brown. I need a little exercise of that sort.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Bare Possibility.

Dumley (to whom Brown has just related a somewhat incredible story)—I don't believe, Brown, that such a thing could happen!

Brown—Happen? Why, my wife saw it happen only this morning!

Dumley (apologetically)—Oh, I beg pardon; if Mrs. Brown saw it happen, and told you the story herself, why, of course, there is a possibility of its being true.—*Life.*

—Miss Lydia F. Wadleigh, Superintendent of the City Normal College, is the best paid teacher in New York. She receives $2,400 per year for her services.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred by the University of Zurich upon Miss Frances M. Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

—The rapid growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South is shown by the fact that more than 4,000 new churches have been built in sixteen States since the war.

—Pope Leo recently sent a cable dispatch to all the bishops of the Catholic Church throughout the world asking for a collection to be taken. The purpose of the collection is the restoration and rebuilding of the Catholic chapels and churches in the Holy Land.

—Dignity may become a disease. When it does it is fatal. It kills spirituality and activity. There are many churches and Christians who are passing by "a certain man" because they can not touch him consistently with traditional or personal ideas of propriety.—*United Presbyterian.*

—Out of seventy-five Protestant Episcopal churches and chapels in New York City, forty-four are absolutely and unconditionally free. All the churches in Trinity parish are rapidly approaching that position, and there is, generally, an almost irresistible tendency toward the free church system.

—Presbyterianism is making advances in South Africa. Already she has there 223 congregations, and controls five colleges. Also in Hungary her influence is extending, there being in that country, it is said, "more Presbyterians than in France and Switzerland," with five colleges, which contain 2,926 students.

—There are 750,000 persons in the city of New York for whom no sittings are provided in the churches of any religious denomination. In Philadelphia there are 350,000; in Brooklyn 325,000; in Chicago, 323,000; in St. Louis, 210,000; in Boston, 200,000; in San Francisco, 185,000; in Baltimore, 120,000; in Cincinnati, 85,000, and in New Orleans, 75,000.

—With the single exception of Tufts College, women are received upon the same terms as men in all the educational institutions under the patronage and control of the Universalist Church. At St. Lawrence University in Northern New York, Buchtel College in Ohio, and Lombard University in Illinois, co-education works so well that its adoption at Tufts College is probable within a few years.

EARLY WINTER STYLES.

The Bustle Is Retained But Is Greatly Modified as to Style.

The differences in the shapes of bodices and arrangements of skirt draperies that appear from season to season are very slight, and it is hard to know where the old leaves off and the novelty begins. That changes do occur is undoubted, and it is an actual fact that dressmakers prefer to go back a few months, or a year even, than repeat a style in consecutive seasons.

The most important item of news in connection with fall and winter costumes is that the bustle is still to be seen, albeit in a decidedly modified form. Many women who have clung with pertinacity to the "dress-improver," thoroughly persuaded that it fully merited its name, have given in at last, and promise now to be content with the smallest amount of cushion and forswear steels in every form. Simultaneous with the attempt to do away with the tournure arose the effort to restore the empire dress. The connection between the two is logical enough, for nothing could be more incompatible than an empire dress and a tournure. Imagine them together! A feature of the empire styles which has been adopted is the round skirt, flat at least on the front and hips. Double-draped skirts have the fullness pretty evenly distributed all the way around, except the front breadth of the under-skirt, which is left plain.

The woolens with wide bands of a contrasting color that are pinked out in vandycks and festoons may be very effectively made up in the following manner:

The foundation skirt having been trimmed with a deep-plaited flounce made of half the width of the material, a straight piece of stuff at least five yards long is prepared for the tunic. This is mounted in a double plait to the right hip, caught up so as to show a portion of the flounce, running then in narrow flat folds to the center of the back, where a whole yard is allowed to form a deep hanging plait, and then again in flat folds with a second box-plait on the left hip. The remainder, being plaited, reaches the center of the front, after which the end of the strip, plaited up in its turn to the waist, crosses over the end with which the operation was begun, and thus closes the circle.

Draped skirts are often combined with round-waisted bodices worn with belts fastened by a buckle. Some of the latest jerseys are made so, and have no basques, or none that are apparent. These are for every-day dresses. Round bodices of a smarter kind have waistbands, which may be a stripe, a piece of embroidery, some kind of galloon, or passementerie, or merely straight folds of the material. Many gowns will have a silk skirt of their own color, full and softly plaited, over which is worn a loose-fronted jacket bodice. White wool vests with small gilt buttons will finish many dresses of gray-green and gray-blue wool, and are a becoming addition to almost any dark dress.—*Chicago Times.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Tennyson is described as a sweet, graceful woman, with singularly winning, gentle manners, but looking painfully fragile and wan.

—H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, is said to command a higher price from the magazines for his short stories than any other American writer of his age. Mr. Bunner was once a reporter on a daily newspaper in New York, and, it is said, not a good reporter either.

—Julian Hawthorne has said himself that he probably makes more by his pen in a single year than his father made in his whole life; and yet he is reputed to have had a hard, continuous struggle since he adopted literature as a profession seventeen years ago.—*Current Literature.*

—Prof. Crowell, of Amherst College, is so blind that his wife has to lead him through the streets of Boston. She reads to him the lessons of the day before he goes to the class-room, and he has such a remarkable memory that his affliction is of little consequence. He is popular with the students.

—In a recent interview the wife of General O'Beirne (born Brennan), with whose family the Poes once lived in the old house on the Bloomingdale road, now destroyed, stated that the poet wrote "The Raven" there and read the manuscript to the assembled family, and that there was at that time a bust of Pallas just above the chamber door.

—Of W. D. Howells as a boy-printer the *Ohio State Journal* says: "He was a hard worker and a first-class compositor. He is still remembered as one who rarely mingled in the sports and jests of the composing-room, had few companions, and always seemed to have his mind on a career much higher than a conventional compositor, whose only ambition was to get a big 'string' and make away with his earnings."

—There are less than five hundred individuals out of the sixty millions in the United States—excepting, of course, those who have a direct editorial position—who can make a decent living by the haphazard and promiscuous sale of poems, sketches, stories and literary articles in general. I say five hundred, because that figure is large enough to exclude mistake; but the exact truth, if there were any real statistics bearing on the subject, would fall far below that number.—*America.*

—Napoleon was a greedy novel reader. Andrew Lang, the essayist, says that he was one of the most voracious readers of novels that ever lived. He was always asking for the newest of the new, and, unfortunately, even the new romances of his period were hopelessly bad. Barbier, his librarian, had orders to send parcels of fresh fiction to his Majesty wherever he might happen to be, and great loads of novels followed Napoleon to Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia. The conqueror was very hard to please. He read in his traveling carriage, and after skimming a few pages, would throw a volume that bored him into the highway. He might have been tracked by his trail of romances.

HUMOROUS.

—Customer (to waiter)—"Some cheese, please." Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir. Sorry, sir. Cheese out, sir." Customer.—"That so? When do you expect it back?"—*Life.*

—Patient Old Lady (to elevator boy reading dime novel)—"How often does the elevator go up, boy?" Elevator Boy—"It goes up at the end of every chapter, ma'am."—*Time.*

—A coroner's jury in Arkansas sat on a man killed by a stone in a brawl and returned a verdict saying that "the deceased was rocked to sleep."—*San Francisco Alta.*

—"No, sir, I never kick a man when he is down," said a slim young hotel clerk. "I did it once and the fellow jumped up and thrashed me so I forgot my own name."—*Hotel Mail.*

—Mamie—"What are you writing, Minnie; your will?" Minnie—"No; I'm writing my won't. George proposed last night, and I told him I'd answer to-day."—*Terre Haute Express.*

—"George, don't!" exclaimed she; "you are altogether too much like the Anthracite Coal Trust." "Think so, my dear?" "Yes, the nearer the winter season draws nigh the tighter you squeeze."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Old Mrs. Bentley—"I see the newspaper says that in a fight with a burglar old Mr. Stocking barely escaped with his life." Old Mr. Bentley—"It would have been funny if he'd escaped without his life."—*Judge.*

—First Student—"You haven't got any idea of what a contemptible opinion I have of our professor." Second Student—"Humph! I guess that's the reason you didn't answer any of the questions he asked you yesterday at the recitation."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"You have a very large mouth," remarked a dentist to a lady. "Indeed!" was the indignant response. "Yes," pursued the dentist, "while I have been filling this tooth of yours my operations have extended over an acher." There was no further use for ether.

—Sleep is stated on high authority to be the best remedy for sleeplessness. It is recommended above all after a careful consideration of the many devices to overcome this trouble published from time to time by sleepless people who stay awake telling others of the advantages of their methods.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

LET HER DO WHAT SHE CAN.

Let her do what she can for humanity's sake,
Whatever the form that her service may take—
Whether high in the councils of Church or of State
Or down where the outcast and suffering wait;
In their love-circled home, be it cottage or hall,
In the school, where the seed in the soft ground may fall;
In the African jungle far over the sea,
Or here in the land that the Lord has made free.

Let her do what she can, for the world's pleading wail
Rises up on the breeze, is abroad on the gale:
If her heart for the good of her fellows be stirred,
Restrain not her efforts, in deed or in word.
Let her walk in your fellowship, brother and friend,
Wherever your steps for humanity trend;
Turn not from the proffer of service aside,
Let your strength to her wisdom and love be allied.

Let her girdle the world with her ribbons of love,
And lift the White Cross all its plague-spots above;
Let her scatter Christ's leaven from shore unto shore,
Till wrong and oppression shall vex us no more.
"She hath done what she could," said the Saviour to men
Who scorned at the service she rendered Him then:
"She hath done what she could," be it said of us all
When the curtain of silence shall cover us fall.

—*Union Signal.*

WOMEN DOCTORS.

A Profession in Which There is Room for Women—A Few Suggestions for Beginners.

Years ago there was a prejudice against women practicing medicine, but that has almost totally disappeared, and capable and excellent women physicians are now graduated, and their services are in demand. Dr. Mary Jacobi, who is one of the best physicians in New York, and whose income is put as high as $40,000 yearly, says that women physicians are making rapid strides forward. A great many women are to-day serving in the capacity of nurses who ought to be making money and fame and, best of all, alleviating distress as physicians. They lack only the necessary collegiate training and hospital experience, and it is well worth while to put themselves to some trouble to acquire these. A woman in taking hold of the practice of medicine, or rather her preliminary education, should study her ground carefully. She can in a short time make blunders which years will not undo. She ought to decide what particular branch of practice is best suited to her tastes and to the locality which she proposes to select for her home.

It is useless for a woman to attempt a general practice, such as we see most men physicians engaged in. They are not physically able to endure it, neither is it prudent for them to be abroad at night even with an attendant. Of course, exceptional cases will arise where her services will be needed at night, but in nearly every instance she can be prepared for it, and use her own good judgment in planning for her arrangements. A man physician is not expected to consult his own pleasure as to the class of people he is called to attend, the character of disease, or any thing of that kind; but with a woman it is different. She can not tear away from the custom of her sex and still command respect. Therefore, it is best for her to select a specialty, and conduct as far as possible an office practice. The diseases of women are specially to be recommended. In this direction lie the greatest possibilities, and if women physicians were to study this branch of practice devotedly and conscientiously, and crown their work with success, the day is not far distant when the man physician would be the second choice of suffering woman-kind. This is but natural. The diseases of the eye, ear and throat offer the most flattering pecuniary advantages and freedom from exposure. For the woman who has sufficient bravery and energy, who will study with her whole heart and win a diploma meritoriously, there seems to be a bright future just discernable in the distance all rosy with the prospects of success.—*Woman's Work.*

WOMAN'S OPINION.

One Great Benefit to be Derived From Woman Suffrage.

The main argument for woman suffrage is not that it will enable women to vote, but that it will lead women to think. In all questions of politics—that is to say, in all questions of law and government—women have as direct and vital interest as men. If times are hard and wages low, must not women stint and strain and slave? If people are crowded into narrow tenement rooms, and children die by thousands before there time, upon which sex does the discomfort and pain most bitterly fall? It is true that women can not fight, or, rather, that it is not the custom of civilized nations to drag or bribe them into armies or navies for the purpose of standing ready to wound or kill each other. But for every man who wears a uniform is there not some woman, his natural complement, left at home to get along as best she can? And do the losses, the wastes, the agonies of war, fall more lightly on women than on men? If one sex must shed blood, are not the tears of the other often bitterer than blood?

But with this direct and vital interest in public questions, women, not being called upon to pass upon such questions, are accustomed to regard them as beyond their sphere, and if they think of them at all to think of them flippantly. And this disposition of one-half of our people must exert a powerful influence upon the other half.

Men take a less intelligent interest in public affairs because of the little intelligent interest that woman take. The conservatism that springs from the indisposition to think; the neglect of general interests which arises from failure to appreciate how powerfully general interests affect individual interests, are largely reflected from the opinion of women into the opinion of men. To this account for much of the thoughtlessness and flippancy of our thought upon the most important public questions? Does it not account for much of the difficulty in getting the masses to realize the relation between bad laws and hard times? Does it not largely account for that dull, stolid conservatism which is the greatest obstacle in the way of all reform?

The gain in woman suffrage would not merely be that it would bring into play, in the direction of public affairs and the settlement of social questions, those qualities of the feminine mind and character complementary to the masculine mind and character, but that it would interest in public questions the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives and daughters of men, and, as a consequence, bring to these questions more of the attention, the thought and the conscience of men themselves. And that more attention, more thought, and more conscience should be devoted to public affairs, is the imperative necessity of an advancing civilization. The tendency of increasing population and growing cities, the tendency of all the inventions and improvements that now so rapidly succeed each other, is to increase the relative importance of general interests, and to require quicker intelligence and higher conscience for the management of public affairs.—*N. Y. Standard.*

THE RULING POWER.

A Powerful Agency for the Elevation of Womankind.

The minister who married a well-bred woman and allowed her to black his boots, "just to show her willingness," was certainly not a well-bred man, even though he was a minister. What a pity he had not been born in Central Africa. In the savage state brute force is the only power known. The one who by sheer physical power overcomes his fellows is chief. In this condition the position of woman is the lowest known. The Greeks were in ancient times the most intellectual people of whom we have any history and they furnish a good example of intellect ruling supreme, uninfluenced by any high religious considerations. Under such conditions woman occupied a much higher position than in savage lands. Yet she was not rated as man's equal. For if woman was man's equal intellectually, why have we not a scrap of literary work by a woman, from this pre-eminently literary people? No power is subject to an equal or inferior one. It does not seem there was any claim, or any evidence of equality between the sexes in ancient Greece. But with Christianity comes a power that is far above intellect and controls to a greater extent, even now, than a great many intellectually wise people seem to be aware of. This is the power of love, of goodness. "God is love," the highest power that exists, the power that rules over all. It is a power that rules by winning, that rules with the glad consent of the ruled instead of against their consent. Just in proportion as this power controls, woman's position advances. Jesus will conquer the world by love. The most prominent trait of His life on earth was His utter unselfishness, His sacrifice of Himself for those He loved. And this is exactly where women have won their laurels. In our day women have entered into almost every line of work where men are engaged. In literary work it will not be disputed that their greatest achievements have been through the power of love, in leading, attracting, not in driving. The power of love will eventually reign supreme on this sinful earth. All other powers will come under its control. Then women will be in the front. They will not need masters, and there will not be any able to master them. That women are more subject to the power of God's love than men, the greater number in nearly all Christian churches is sufficient evidence. That women exert the power of love in a greater degree than men, is evidenced by their greater success in Christian work wherever they undertake it.—*Interior.*

SUFFRAGE NOTES.

"THE Government of the United States ought either to free women from paying taxes or else give them the vote."—*Dr. Talmage.*

A GEORGIA editor says that the reason why Liberty is always pictured as a woman is because Liberty, to survive, must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to a woman.

As we want more goodness and less devilishness put into the ballot box on election days, I do not know a better plan to gain that end than that of letting the better half of humanity have an opportunity to vote.—*Geo. R. Scott.*

THERE is no manner of doubt that the sphere of women is properly to be enlarged, and that republican governments in particular, are to be saved from corruption and failure only by allowing to women this enlarged sphere.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

MEN have granted us in law, in the privileges and civil rights of society which we have been demanding, almost every thing but the pivotal right, the one power that underlies all other rights, and with which citizens of this Republic may protect all other rights.—*Susan B. Anthony.*